

forever wild (reddie) by honey.kisses

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Summary: [reddie - richie/eddie] un·re·quit·ed /ˌənɹəˈkwɪdəd/ Submit
Learn to pronounce adjective (of a feeling, especially love) not returned or rewarded. eddie loves summer. the carnival. staying up late. games. richie. richie loves summer. the carnival. staying up late. games. beverly.

1. chapter one

chapter one

eddie stood in the long line to buy himself tickets, tapping his foot and checking his watch every five seconds it seemed.

the bright lights of the carnival and buzz of people talking as they passed was like music to eddie's ears.

the only part he didn't like was that he was alone.

richie tozier, his best friend was supposed to be standing beside him, cracking jokes and picking which rides they should go on first. but he had cancelled because of a fever that just came up.

eddie was fine with him staying home—eddie would hate to catch his fever.

after he bought his tickets, he decided to walk around, waste some time. maybe he would run into stan, or mike.. anyone that was his friend would be nice.

he felt like a loser; coming to the carnival all alone. maybe richie would want to go once he got better, and he would invite just eddie to come with him.

just eddie.

and after that one thought including richie was in his head, others just to cloud his head, making him blink rapidly and glance around.

till he saw a stupidly tall boy who looked exactly like richie.

it probably wasn't him, he just saw the back of rich—the male.

but the curious side of eddie kaspbrak took over and he started to follow him. just for fun. why not?

he had nothing better to do except go on rides by himself. he would look like a loser. but what's the big deal? he already is one.

a red headed girl walked beside the male, grabbing his hand and lacing their fingers. eddie mumbled something under his breath, his footsteps speeding up to follow them.

he pushed his way through the crowd, trying to think of an alibi for beverly. she wouldn't be at the carnival—she would've told eddie. they're friends.

his heart rate sped up and he placed a hand to his chest, trying to convince himself it wasn't two people he knew.

and one of them he wasn't desperately in love with.

they boarded onto a ride that eddie hated. it was a two seater that went around in circles, while love songs played loudly in the background. it was one that richie always insisted they'd go on, but they never did. maybe next time they would.

eddie sat a couple seats away from them, trying to peer around and see their faces.

but the ride started and he fell back into his seat, sighing loudly.

it's not them. richie doesn't like beverly. beverly likes bill. beverly wouldn't do this to eddie. they were friends.

a song started to play.

doesn't matter cause it's enough, to be young and in love...

and the girl laughed, leaning against his shoulder.

eddie balled his hands into fists, shutting his eyes tightly before reopening them.

this is exactly why he hated this ride so much.

all of the spinning on the ride made him dizzy.

or was it the thought that richie was with a girl? with beverly?

he had no reason to think that. it wasn't richie.

his stomach lurched as the ride curved, making him slide and press against the side of the cart.

he would not throw up on this ride.

the boy wrapped his arms around the female, pulling her close to plant a soft kiss on her jaw.

the girl giggled, playfully pushing him away. but she still seemed to snuggle into his side.

"richie, stop! you know that tickles."

it's enough to just make me go crazy, crazy, crazy...

and that's when eddie's heart stopped.

and his throat closed up.

and his vision blurred.

and he felt bile rise up in his throat.

he turned his head to the right, throwing up in his seat.

the couple's heads snapped back to see the commotion after hearing many curses and "shit, man! that's disgusting!"

the operator quickly stopped the ride, going around to unlock everyone's seats so they could get off.

but eddie just slipped out from under the safety bar, hopped over the throw up, and ran.

he ran away. away from richie. and beverly. and the carnival.

and that stupid, stupid ride.

he ran until his lungs were burning and he doubled over, resting his hands on his kneecaps, trying to catch his breath. he felt his knees wobbled and before he knew it— he was on the ground, lying on his back, looking up at the stairs. the grass he lay on itched his back, irritating him heavily, but he didn't have the energy to get back up.

he felt drained.

he was furious but at the same time, numb. he felt like just going to sleep right then and there, and never waking up. but he slowly sat back up, his eyes glistening with tears, and started his long walk home.

2. chapter 2

eddie didn't go to school for the next few days due to faking a fever.

funny, huh?

he didn't think he could face richie and beverly.

they were practically living a lie!!

pretending to act like brother and sister in front of their friends, but then kiss and act like a couple while they were alone.

they seemed to be living two separate lives—which bugged eddie into oblivion.

but then a thought occurred to him that made him scream into his pillow.

they weren't just acting like a couple though— they might actually be a couple.

and that thought forced eddie to miss another week of school.

once he finally walked through the doors, to his locker, avoiding side glances tossed in his direction, he slowly entered the locker combo in and opened it to grab his books. as he did so, he could feel a prescence next to him.

he didn't look to know who it was.

his heart skipped a beat.

his cheeks flushed.

the beginning of a smile started on his lips but he quickly forced it away.

he was mad at richie.

he lied to eddie and went with beverly!!

his girlfriend— or just friend. that he likes to share affection with. that he kissed. and probably has done other stuff with that made eddie want to vomit again.

that's a girl.

that's not **him**.

"eds, listen— i'm so sorry i bailed on you. it's just that—"

eddie slammed his locker shut and turned to the taller male, plastering a smile on his face. he wasn't mad at all.

he was glad for his friend.

but the slight wobble in his knees and pit in his stomach told him the opposite.

"no, actually, it's fine!! okay? i just don't understand why you didn't tell me. just next time, tell me instead of lying."

eddie shrugged his shoulders, his hands going behind his back. he held them, squeezing them tightly.

richie sighed and shook his head, his eyebrows furrowing. "i don't know... i just thought that you would be mad?"

"mad about you and beverly? why?"

the words slipped out of eddie's mouth too fast.

way too fast.

"because beverly told me." richie licked his lips quickly, looking to the side.

"told you what?"

no.

she wouldn't.

beverly wouldn't betray eddie like this. she wouldn't tell richie that

his best friend was gay and to make matters worse, likes him.

"that you like me."

richie didn't have that signature smirk on his face anymore. it was slightly red? and he wasn't looking at eddie, more like at eddie's shoes.

eddie couldn't breathe. his lungs felt like they were closed up. he sputtered out gibberish before he finally caught his breath.

"what? i'm not gay!! beverly was probably just joking. that's disgusting, richie. why would you think that? i like girls. i like allot of girls. i'm planning to ask one out today!"

"okay, i get it—"

"just wait and see, richie! you just wait and see!! eddie kaspbrak will have a girlfriend by the end of this week."

eddie started to walk off, ready to go yell at beverly. he couldn't stop rambling.

"so, there! stop flattering yourself because i would NEVER like you. so kiss my ass!!"

eddie tolled his eyes, storming off.

richie watched him, laughing softly to himself.

he was relieved really, he should've known beverly was joking with him.

but something felt off.

he didn't know why, but there was this small part of him that wondered if eddie was lying.

that wondered what if eddie had said he did like him.

that wondered if eddie would ever say those words.

he didn't know why he cared, after all eddie wouldn't lie to him.

but he still didn't know why.

was it because eddie didn't like him like that?

of course it wasn't. well, maybe it was.

eddie practically ran to beverly's locker, his face red.

and there she was, talking to bill.

"beverly! are you kidding me?"

and beverly turned around— she immediately knew what he was talking about.

"eddie, look. i'm sorry, okay? but it's not a big deal. practically everyone knows." she chuckled softly, shrugging.

bill raised an eyebrow, looking between the two.

eddie and beverly were close— they didn't usually fight unless it was about something serious.

"everyone knows?.."

so the secret was out. no, no. this couldn't happen to him. he could not be gay.

eddie's vision blurred, and he didn't know what was happening until he touched his cheeks.

tears.

he was crying again.

"well, i'm not, okay?! and if i was and liked him, you would go behind my back to be with him?! friends don't do that! you— you.. you bitch!" eddie practically spat in her face before turning around, rushing into the bathroom.

beverly and bill watched him run off, beverly shaking her head as she forced a laugh.

"he's sensitive. he'll get over it."

bill shook his head.

"i-i gotta go to class."

beverly nodded as he walked off to the bathroom to check on eddie.

eddie splashed his face with water repeatedly, before glancing around to see if anyone was in there.

thankfully, no one.

until bill came in.

and eddie started to sob, hunching his shoulders over.

he was ashamed. bill probably wouldn't want to hang out with him.
he was disgusting.

his whole life was starting to crumble to pieces in the first few minutes that he was back in school.

but bill walked towards him and enveloped him in a hug, resting his chin on the top of eddie's head.

eddie's heart fluttered.

"h-hey.. you w-w-want to tell me what happened?"

eddie just pulled bill closer.

they had both (surprisingly) skipped first period to talk about the dilemma.

eddie had only skipped once before, with richie, on his birthday to go bowling.

that was when eddie first fell in love with richie.

setting: old 80s bowling alley in the city, has a jukebox that plays music, a snack bar, and thirteen lanes.

time: ninth grade, richie's birthday: march 7th

"richie!! how do you do that?! you've gotten three strikes in a row, and i can't even hit one."

the song 'take on me' played in the background as both of them sang along.

eddie pouted, making richie laugh.

"grab a ball. i'll show you."

eddie did so, looking at him for guidance.

"it's easier if i just do it with you."

he said, putting a hand on eddie's waist and grabbing eddie's hand, placing it where it needed to be.

eddie couldn't breathe.

his heart was beating out of his chest.

he looked up at richie, their eyes locking for a second before richie smiled.

"now roll it!"

richie backed up after giving his advice, watching with a grin.

it knocked down all of the pins except one.

"yeah, eddie!!"

and eddie yelled, a new song turning on.

'come and get your love..'

eddie turned around and pumped his fists in the air, as richie cheered for him.

eddie ran up to him and jumped into his arms, yelling loudly.

they hugged each other, neither one wanting to let go. it was a perfect moment, one of pure happiness.

"i did it, richie!! i really did do it!" and richie smiled, setting him down slowly.

his hands lingered around eddie's waist.

"hell, with it baby cause you're fine and you're mine and you look so divine."

richie sang along to the lyrics. but it didn't seem like he was just singing. it looked like he meant it. to eddie.

their eyes never left each other.

eddie could see him leaning in.

"come and get your love."

eddie said softly, finally looking away from richie and clearing his throat.

"now hurry up, i gotta hit this last pin."

then they went home, and eddie spent the night after begging his mother.

and suddenly it was four am and they were on the roof, laughing and talking.

and eddie never meant to fall in love, but it was four am and he was laughing way too hard and he hadn't felt this happy before.

on the other hand, bill had skipped before.

bill had done so with beverly a couple times, to have a quick smoke.

he never told eddie that.

"well, richie and i have a tradition..."

he started off, before telling the whole story over.

"eddie? s-sorry to stop y-you, but are you g-g-gay?" bill hesitantly interrupted.

"i- uh. i'm not sure.. i've like people before. before richie. but i don't like him anymore."

lies.

"are you gay, bill?" he tried changing the subject.

"i don't know. maybe."

eddie smiled.

bill's face paled at the kissing part and his lip quivered.

"t-they kissed? are they d-d-dating?"

"oh shoot, i'm sorry bill. they did... i don't know, but i think so.

she never deserved you... you deserve much better, much better."

eddie placed a gentle hand on his shoulder, making bill lean into his touch.

"you t-t-think so?" bill blushed, turning to face eddie.

eddie nodded.

they locked eyes.

and bill leaned in.